

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE WAY AND THE LIFE.

WORLD Redeemer, Lord of glory! as of old
to zealous Paul
Thou didst come in sudden splendor, and
from out the cloud didst call;
As to Mary in the garden, did thy risen
form appear,—
Come, arrayed in heavenly beauty; come
and speak, and I will hear!

"Hast thou not," the Master answered,—
"hast thou not my written Word?
Hast thou not, to go before thee, the example
of the Lord?"
—Blessed one! thy word of wisdom is too
high for me to know,
And my feet are all too feeble for the path
where thou didst go.

Doubts torment me while I study; all my
reading and my thinking
Lead away from firm conviction, and in mire
my feet are sinking.
Then I turn to works of duty,—here thy
law is very plain,—
But I look at thy example, strive to follow,
strive in vain.

Let me gaze, then, at thy glory; change to
flesh this heart of stone!

Let the light illumine my darkness that around
the apostle shone!
Cold belief is not conviction, rules are im-
posed to move;
Let me see thy heavenly beauty, let me learn
to trust and love.

In my heart the Voice made answer: "Ask
not for a sign from heaven.
In the gospel of thy Saviour, life as well as
light, is given.
Ever looking unto Jesus, all his glory thou
shalt see,
From thy heart the veil be taken, and the
Word made clear to thee.

"Love the Lord, and thou shalt see him;
do his will, and thou shalt know
How the spirit lights the letter,—how a little
child may go
Where the wise and prudent stumble,—how
a heavenly glory shines
In his acts of love and mercy, from the
gospel's simplest lines."

*From the German of DeWette, translated by
James Freeman Clarke.*

THE VICTORY OF RESIGNATION.

"Sleep on now, and take your rest."—MATT. xxvi. 45.

There are passages in the Gospels which
seem to indicate that at least six months
before his crucifixion Jesus distinctly foresaw
and explicitly foretold his death upon the
cross. Yet there are indications, also, that
he did not accept his rejection and death as
inevitable until very near the end. That
he knew and accepted the risk which his
peculiar mission involved is beyond doubt.
No one could run counter to the religious and
political forces of his day without frankly
putting his life in pawn. At the same time
it is probable that the specific announcement
of his death some six months before the event
is to be credited rather to the evangelists
than to Jesus himself, and that it was the
reflection working from the basis of re-
membered facts on certain intimations which
Jesus had given as to the probable effect
of his teaching on the minds of the religious
leaders of the people. The obvious fact
that, as the tragic hour drew near, the dis-
ciples had no suspicion that he was soon to

die a violent death, and the utter panic into which they were thrown by his arrest, shows their entire unpreparedness for the event.

It is a common experience that a mere hint given while a man was alive assumes in memory a definiteness of meaning which was not preceived when the hint was given. It is not unnatural, then, that the evangelists, writing long years after the brief career of Jesus had ended on earth, should report as an explicit statement what was only an intimation, and make it appear that Jesus had definitely and positively declared that he should soon be killed, and that he should rise again after three days. It is doubtful if Jesus actually faced his death at the hands of his enemies as a certainty until after the triumphal entry into Jerusalem in the manner of Zechariah's Messianic prophecy. When he and his disciples gathered in the upper room to eat the Passover supper, it was clear to his mind that the crisis was at hand. His surmise of the treachery of Judas became positive conviction during the supper, and shortly afterward, in the garden of Gethsemane, he clearly saw that death could not be far distant from him. His enterprise sank in failure; his early hopes of drawing the nation to the faith and life which he taught were unfulfilled; and he himself must go down alone into the darkness of an ignominious and excruciating death.

The agony in the garden was the climax of his soul's struggle and bitter sorrow. In brief, passionate outcry to his God and Father he fought out the eternal conflict, and the tumult sank into peace as he uttered the words of perfect resignation, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt!" He had expected much from his disciples in his enterprise. Now he knew that as yet they could do nothing. They slept while he prayed in agony. Soon they would scatter like frightened sheep. There is something inexpressibly touching in his words to them when he came from his sore conflict, "Sleep on now, and take your rest." From that moment he moves and speaks and endures with unbroken calmness. The victory had been won. It was the victory of resignation, of complete acquiescence in that divine will which chose not to let the cup pass from his lips. It was here, and not on Calvary, that the true self-sacrifice was made; and it was but the culmination of the continuous self-sacrifice which had been his daily achievement.

Outwardly Jesus had failed. The priests expressed the sentiment of the onlooking world when they said, "He saved others:

himself he cannot save." It was only another enterprise of a mad idealist gone to ruin. But in the realm of the spirit Jesus had achieved the great victory. Henceforth his name is the symbol of spiritual power. The defeated, abandoned, crucified Messiah becomes the master of the souls of men for all time.

There is nothing greater in the world than the human soul when it has achieved true greatness through self-abnegation and the acceptance of what men often call fate, but which the wise call the will of God. This is not a blind acceptance of whatever comes, but the open-eyed acceptance of what inevitably lies in the path of duty. One must be true to his calling and pay unflinchingly all its cost. Then, though he encounter failure of his enterprise, desertion of friends, suffering to the utmost capacity of the nerves to feel, and finally death itself, he remains unconquered.

There are many arduous tasks for us to do and many trials for us to bear. It is a commonplace observation that every one, sooner or later, has to face losses, afflictions, and suffering, and every one has to descend alone into the darkness of death. For these experiences we need and must develop fortitude and self-control. But there are losses which we feel we cannot bear. There are sorrows to which we cannot submit. There are afflictions which we resent and seek to fling from us as affronts to our sense of justice. Such were the final afflictions of Jesus.

It is a truth which brings lasting peace to the soul when once it has been learned, namely, that the soul may be invincible, that it may stand unconquered by any ill, actual or conceivable. The Psalmist spoke out of experience when he said, "God is a refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble." The sense of God as the soul's supreme helper should make the soul invincible. It is when the soul must immolate itself apparently in obedience to the divine will that it comes upon its crucial trial. Then the way to victory is through acquiescence, resignation, frank acceptance of that which the soul cannot avoid and which God does not remove. The complete merging of the will in the will of God raises the human to the potentiality of the divine, and the soul stands unconquered and unconquerable.

This is the ideal, but it is an ideal that may progressively be realized. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" If we may draw on the infinite resources of strength and love, how can we be utterly cast down? Those are brave, heartening words of Paul's

in one of his letters: "Be strong in the Lord and in the strength of his might. . . . Take up the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand." True resignation is not the nerveless passivity which we see in those who lie down and let the waves of trial sweep over them, who make no effort to change conditions which human energy can change and ought to change. Such win no victory because they surrender before the battle. We are to do all that human beings can do, and, having done all, to stand. When all has been done that we can do to change the ill condition that has come upon us; when we have used every legitimate means to escape the great trial, and find, nevertheless, that it must come; when it grows clear that God means that we shall drink the cup with all its bitterness,—then we must put on the strength of acquiescence, of resignation, and grasp the victory over trial by complete acceptance of it, thus rising above it unsubdued in courage and faith and patience. Then there is peace, for the soul has achieved oneness with God. Out of such an experience man comes with a new and surprising increment of power. Henceforth he is equal to life. For him no possible trial can have any terrors. He has learned the secret of invincibility, and has become the master of his fate, the captain of his soul.

This seems to be the designed result of the discipline of life, and carries with it the implication of immortality and of some great spiritual destiny of growth, of achievement, and of limitless joy. There is a marvellous hint of this in the words concerning Jesus: "For the joy that was set before him he endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down forever at the right hand of God," and "He that overcometh, I will give to him to sit down with me in my throne, as I also overcame and sat down with my Father in his throne."

There is no peace in seeking to run away from trial; there is no relief in petulance and resentment; nothing is gained by succumbing to grief or pain or loss. The spirit of revolt makes enemies of these, whereas acceptance of them, resignation to the inevitable, makes of them ministering friends and intimate teachers of spiritual truth. Besides, revolt thrusts us from God in whom alone we find perfect refuge and strength. O stricken one, face thy sorrow, and it will change at last into a still and passionless joy. Receive thy stroke with brave heart and up-lifted head; for it will break some fetter from thy soul, and, like a divine surgery, wound thee only to heal.—*Philip S. Moxom.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Weep not, he said, For unto you is given
To watch for the coming of his feet,
Who is the glory of our blessed heaven.
The work and the watching will be very sweet,
Even in an earthly home,
And in such an hour as ye think not,
He will come.

Christ is to each what each has found him.
To the soul which has sunk in the mire, he
is a Saviour; to the intellect which has
wrestled with doubt, he is a guide; to the
heart which has sorrowed, he is a comforter.
Each should travel his appointed road and
accept and employ the experience which it
brings. It is thus that we grow in grace.—
David Smith.

What Christ asks is not to attain, but to
learn; not to be like him in a day or a life-
time, but to follow him.—*John Watson.*

The trivial things of life are to be guided
and shaped by reference to the highest of
all things, the example of Jesus Christ, and
that in the whole depth of his humiliation,
and even in regard to his cross and passion.
Alexander Maclaren.

The difficulty of obedience, instead of dis-
heartening the Christian, should be his glory
and his spur.—*Amos R. Wells.*

O Thou that art the way, the truth, and
the life, open thou our eyes that we may
see thee as Light in all our thoughts of mys-
tery, as love in all our loves, as the worker
in our souls, ever desirous to perfect thine
image in us by the teaching of the Spirit.
Assure our hearts that thou art ever ready to
give thyself to us according to our need, and
that in seeking we shall find and in experience
come to know thee. Let the heights and
depths of thine infinitude assure us that
there will be joy unceasing in our life with
thee,—the joy of ever-new discovery, of con-
tinual advance in knowledge and delight.
So, in the wealth of thy great love, may our
hearts be lifted up, that we may know the
love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.
Amen.

Immortality and the resurrection begin
here. We rise with Christ into a higher
life with every right word, act, purpose,
and affection. We sit with Christ Jesus
now in heavenly places.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

For the following, address Miss Cora A. Tilden, 63 Maple Street, Milton, Mass.:—

"Joan of Arc," Michele; "Life of Father Taylor"; "Life of Samuel J. May"; "Tiny Houses and their Builders" (birds); "Nelly's Teachers," Thorne; "Little Guzzy," by the author of Helen's Babies; "Favorite Authors" (selections); "Great Truths by Great Authors"; "Childe Harold," Byron; "The Sign of the Four," A. Conan Doyle; "Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Musicians"; "Little Journeys to the Homes of English Authors." Odd numbers of photographic magazines; odd numbers of embroidery magazines; old numbers of *Popular Educator* which could be used in rural schools.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass., offers current numbers of the following periodicals: The *Youth's Companion*, the *Outlook* (Orthodox Congregational), the *Christian Register* (Unitarian), *Our Dumb Animals*, *Our Four-footed Friends*, the *Woman's Journal* (suffrage), the *Woman's Home Companion*, also, a number of copies of *The Cheerful Letter* of previous years, which have been found useful for distribution in lonely places where there is no church nor school.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Words would fail to express my heart-felt gratitude for the books and other literature that I have received from Cheerful Letter friends. They help to pass away lonely hours when I cannot work, also so helpful to my little girls, as they are all very fond of books and magazines; and, when we read them, we pass them on to others. Good literature is very much needed in this section. I want to thank all who have so kindly contributed to us. Mrs. J. U. Moore, Purcell, Oklahoma.

2. Dear Cheerful Letter friends,—I am going to send all a line of thanks that have been so kind as to remember me, I am not able to write to each one personally. I would like to receive some good books, especially "Dorothy Harcourt's Secret" and the companion book; cannot remember the name of it nor who wrote them; just got part of the one book ("Dorothy Harcourt's Secret") in some old reading and liked it so well I would love to read them both. I would like books of "Leather Stocking Tales." I have the "Last of the Mohicans" and the "Prairie," and would like the others. Thanking all for past favors, and trusting that I shall be remembered again, gratefully, Mrs. Lizzie Town, Buffalo, Kansas, R. D. 2.

3. I would like to join the Book and Magazine Club of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, as I live in the country and am much alone. Any magazine or popular fiction will be greatly appreciated. Mrs. Henry Preston, R. F. D. 1, Bristol, Virginia.

4. Millard Gibson, a young man of seventeen living at Pilot Mountain, North Carolina, will be glad of reading.

5. Mrs. Grace Verrett, Bayou Chene, Louisiana, St. Martin Parish, and Mrs. Tony Smith (same address) will appreciate any reading.

6. Sadie Marie Wall, Aspen, Virginia, care Mrs. G. W. Wall, a little girl of seven years, would enjoy little stories.

7. Mrs. Minnie Robertson, Mrs. Lindsay Hall, and Miss Grace Hall of Woolwine, Virginia, wish for post-cards and reading.

8. Mrs. Elizabeth Jones, Alexander City, Alabama, Route 1, Box 48, asks for First Lessons in Physiology and Hygiene, and English Dictionary.

9. *Outlook*, current numbers, is asked for by Mr. C. Brandenburg, Denison, Iowa.

10. Mrs. Emeric de Nux, Echo, Louisiana, will be glad of reading.

11. Please send me the *Sabbath Reading* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* for 1913. Our minister's name is Rev. Mr. Robertson, Pleasant View, Virginia. Address, Mrs. Walter Brown, Pleasant View, Virginia.

12. Mrs. John R. Harris, Pedlar Mills, Virginia, asks for *Woman's Home Companion* or *Ladies' Home Journal* for 1913.

13. Charles W. Crogan, 70 Wing Street, Bangor, Maine, will appreciate anything pertaining to Mechanical Drawing.

14. Mrs. Rebecca Harriman, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vermont, will be glad of magazines or papers.

15. Mrs. R. S. Cummings, Buckfield, Maine, Route 1, asks for "Pilgrim's Progress" or any reading which she will pass on.

16. Mrs. Minnie L. Clark, Corinna, Maine, Box 151, will be very glad of reading.

17. Mrs. Daisy Huff, Spencer, Virginia, will be glad of *The Cheerful Letter* and any reading.

18. Mrs. W. W. Delano, Abbot Village, Maine, will appreciate reading.

19. Mrs. N. M. Carter, King's Creek, Caldwell County, North Carolina, would like current numbers of *Delineator* or *Ladies' Home Journal*.

20. Mrs. W. F. Galloway, Swepsonville, North Carolina, writes: "We want to read 'Enoch Arden,' but lack two copies of having enough. There was a medal contest last Saturday night, and one of my girls won the medal. Of course I am proud of them. We are going to read 'Evangeline' some day, but I have only four copies, and we need six of any reader. I am teaching night-school for mill boys and girls, aged fifteen to seventeen. They work so hard, I am sorry for them when they walk in with languid step, and I cannot furnish books, and would be glad of anything for them."

21. My father and I are sadly in need of something to read out here on our claim in New Mexico, and Mrs. Kate Jackson of Lawton, Oklahoma, has advised me to write to you, said she was sure you could help me out in that line. I certainly would appreciate your kindness. My father is an old man, though he can read medium large print very well.

I am not very well acquainted with this minister here, as we live out from town and seldom go to church, but will refer you to the minister at Hurley, Rev. O. T. Wattenbarger, in case you care for any reference.

I don't mean to leave the impression with you that my father and I are needy people at all: we are just out here where it is inconvenient to get anything to read, and with nothing much to do but read and pass the

time, and we will appreciate and enjoy anything you may have to send us. Belle Williamson, Fort Sumner, New Mexico.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. R. L. Thornton, is now Lincoln, Nebraska, Route 7.

Mrs. F. M. Todd is now Manchester, Kansas.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TWO PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN.

AT NIGHT.

The day is done; dear God, may I
Safe in Your watchful presence lie.
Oh, make Your Love to live supreme
In every passing dream I dream.
May Night's kind hours come and see
How still and good a Child can be,
Then will they leave some gifts behind
To bless my body, heart and mind.

The day is done; O dear God, spread
Your Love and Wisdom o'er my head.
Rest for my body, heart, and mind
In Sleep's great Kingdom I shall find.
Good Dreams, like faithful Friends, shall be
A sweet and restful help to me.
Then shall another day bring light
After the blessings of to-night.

Amen.

GOOD MORNING.

Dear God, Good Morning, I am glad
To see another happy day.
I know that nothing hard or sad
Will come to take my joy away.
I know that You are here with me
The same as You were near all night;
And You will help me, God, to see
What I should do, and what is right.

To-day I'll have some things to do.
O may I do my very best.
Help me to think of others, too,
When I would rather play or rest.
O God, please let me have some fun;
Please love me when I work or play,
So when night comes, and day is done,
I'll know I've had a fine, good day.

Amen.

"Prayers for Little Men and Women," by
John Martin.

MINOR ETHICS.—ANOTHER FORM OF DISHONESTY.

Weighed and found Wanting.

Marian guided her runabout skilfully through the tangle of motors, to a vacant place at the curb, ran lightly up the steps

of the bank and over to the paying teller's window.

A number of people were waiting there, but Marian went confidently past them to the head of the line. "Good morning, Mr. Richards!" she said pleasantly, as she handed in her check. "Fives, please. Isn't it a glorious day?" and a moment later, with the money tucked away in her bag, she stepped into her car. A glance at her watch showed her that she had half an hour before meeting Florence Rossiter at the Dutch Tea-Room,—time enough to buy some gloves at Armstrong & Baker's.

The glove counter was busy that noon: all the clerks were engaged, and several customers were waiting. Marian waited until one of the clerks had finished with the customer she was serving at the moment, then she leaned forward with her confident air.

"I want two pairs of white gloves, twelve-button length, size five and three-quarters," she said, distinctly; Marian prided herself upon her business-like shopping.

The girl behind the counter glanced irresolutely toward the other waiting customers, but Marian's manner impressed her: she brought the gloves at once. Again Marian had accomplished an errand in the least possible time: she was ten minutes early at the Dutch Tea-Room.

Over their salad and ices the girls chattered gayly. Almost at the end of the luncheon Florence mentioned the X. Y. Z. Club at Wharton House. "Have you really decided to take those girls?" she asked.

"I surely have," Marian replied. "Why, Flo, I like them. I'm going down Friday to make the final arrangements with Miss Cartwright."

Friday afternoon, accordingly, Marian, smiling and handsome, appeared at Miss Cartwright's office.

"I'm ready for orders," she said.

Miss Cartwright's face shadowed with regret.

"My dear," she said gently, "I'm afraid there are no orders. You see," she glanced out of the window to avoid Marian's eyes, "these girls are clannish: anything that hurts one they all resent. You stepped ahead of the line at the bank the other day. One of the girls was in the line; she had only half an hour at noon, and you had all day; she said it wasn't square. Another girl who is at a glove counter said that you did the same thing there. They say—I am giving you the girls' point of view—that you take advantage of your money and position to brush others aside."

"Why, I never thought—it was only a

minute—" Marian stammered. "It's such a little thing."

"I think," Miss Cartwright answered slowly, "they felt the significance of your attitude."

Marian was silent. It was a first lesson—and first lessons are hard.—*The Youth's Companion.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE AMERICAN ROBIN.

Called also Red-breasted Thrush; Migratory Thrush; Robin Redbreast.

It is only when he is a baby that you could guess our robin is really a thrush, for then the dark speckles on his plump little yellowish-white breast are prominent thrush-like markings, which gradually fade, however, as he grows old enough to put on a brick-red vest like his father's.

The European Cock Robin—a bird as familiar as our own, no doubt, because it was he who was killed by the Sparrow with the bow and arrow, you well remember, and it was he who covered the poor Babes in the Wood with leaves—is much smaller than a sparrow, and he is not a sparrow at all. But this hero of the story-books has a red breast, and the English colonists, who settled this country, named our big, cheerful, lusty bird neighbor a robin, simply because his red breast reminded them of the wee little bird at home that they had loved when they were children.

When our American robin comes out of the turquoise-blue egg that his devoted mother has warmed into life, he usually finds three or four baby brothers and sisters huddled within the grassy cradle. In April both parents worked hard to prepare this home for them. Having brought coarse grasses, roots, and a few leaves or weed stalks for the foundation, and pellets of mud in their bills for the inner walls (which they cleverly managed to smooth into a bowl shape without a mason's trowel), and fine grasses for the lining of the nest, they saddled it on to the limb of an old apple-tree. Robins prefer low-branching orchard or shade trees near our homes to the tall, straight shafts of the forest. Some have the courage to build among the vines or under the shelter of our piazzas. I know a pair of robins that reared a brood in a little clipped bay-tree in a tub next to the front door, where people passed in and out continually. Doubtless, very many birds would be glad of the shelter of our comfortable homes for theirs if they could only trust us. Is it not a shame that they

cannot? Robins, especially, need a roof over their heads. When they foolishly saddle their nest on to an exposed limb of a tree, the first heavy rain is likely to soften the mud walls, and wash apart the heavy, bulky structure, when

"Down tumble babies and cradle and all."

It is wiser of them to fit the nest into the supporting crotch of a tree, as many do, and wisest to choose the top of a piazza pillar, where boys and girls and cats cannot climb to molest them, nor storms dissolve their mud-walled nursery. There are far too many tragedies of the nests after every heavy spring rain.

Suppose your appetite were so large that you were compelled to eat more than your weight of food every day, and suppose you had three or four brothers and sisters, just your own size, and just as ravenously hungry. These are the conditions in every normal family, so you can easily imagine how hard the father and mother birds must work to keep their fledglings' crops filled. No wonder robins like to live near our homes where the enriched land contains many fat grubs, and the smooth lawns, that they run across so lightly, make hunting for earth worms comparatively easy. It is estimated that about fourteen feet of worms (if placed end to end) are drawn out of the ground daily by a pair of robins with a nestful of babies to feed. When one of the parents alights near its home, every child must have seen the little heads, with wide-stretched, yellow bills, pop up suddenly like jacks-in-the-box. How rudely the greedy babies push and jostle one another to get the most dinner, and how noisily they clamor for it! Earth worms are the staff of life to them just as bread is to children; but robins destroy vast quantities of other worms and insects more injurious to the farmer's crops, so that the strawberries and cherries they take in June should not be grudged them.

A man of science, who devoted many hours of study to learn the great variety of sounds made by common barnyard chickens in expressing their entire range of feeling, from the egg shell to the axe, could entertain an audience delightfully for an evening by imitating them. Similar study applied to robins would reveal as surprisingly rich results, but probably less funny. No bird that we have has so varied a repertoire as Robin Goodfellow, and I do not believe that any boy or girl alive could recognize him by every one of his calls and songs. His softly warbled salute to the sunrise differs from his lovely evening song just as widely as the rapturous

melody of his courting days differs from the more subdued, tranquil love-song to his brooding mate. Indignation, suspicion, fright, interrogation, peace of mind, hate, caution to take flight,—these and a host of other thoughts are expressed through his flexible voice.

Toward the end of June you may see robins flying in flocks after sun-down. Old males and young birds of the first brood scatter themselves over the country by day to pick up the best living they can, but at night they collect in large numbers at some favorite roosting-place. Oftentimes the weary mother birds are now raising second broods. We like to believe that the fathers return from the roosts at sun-up to help supply those insatiable babies with worms through the day.

After family cares are over for the year, robins moult, and they hide, mope, and keep silent for awhile. But in September, in a suit of new feathers, they are feeling vigorous and cheerful again; and, gathering in friendly flocks, they roam about the woodland borders to feed on the dogwood, choke cherries, juniper berries, and other small fruits. You see they change their diet with the season. By dropping the undigested berry seeds far and wide, they plant great numbers of trees and shrubs as they travel. Birds help to make the earth beautiful. With them every day is Arbor Day.

It is a very dreary time when the last robin leaves us, and an exceptionally cold winter when a few stragglers from the south-bound flocks do not remain in some sheltered, sunny woodland hollow.—*Neltje Blancham, Birds Every Child should Know.*

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT, OR INDIAN TURNIP.

Arisæma triphyllum. Arum Family.

Here is a floral jack-in-the-box that has been a delight to every child east of the Mississippi Valley since Columbus popularized American tours. And its bright red berries and large, solid bulb tickled the palates of our dear old Indians many years previous to this great and most eventful proposition. There is nothing solemn about this curiously constructed flower,—indeed, it is very amusing, if not ridiculous. Jack is not a preacher. Far from it, he is a peeper, popping up here and there in shady nooks where he erects his artistic house, and is ever on the lookout to surprise us in our woodland rambles during May. The violently acrid bulb is exceeding fiery to the taste, and has been used as a remedy for asthma, whooping-cough, and rheumatism.

The Indian Turnip is a perennial herb,

and grows from about one to three feet in height. Each plant bears one or two large-spreading, three-parted leaves, which overtop the flower hood. The strongly ribbed, broad, oval leaflets taper at the tip, and are set on long, round, smooth stems that are sheathed toward the foot. The insignificant and inconspicuous yellow flowers are clustered around the base of a slender green club, or spadix, which is seated within a deep, leaf-like cornucopia whose broad, tapering tip is gracefully curved over the erect, protruding head of the green "Jack." This leafy formation is known as the spathe, and answers to the white floral part of the familiar Calla Lily. It is green, with darker green or purple stripes, and is seated upon the end of a stout stem, which springs from between the sheaths of the leaf stems. In the fall the short, stiff, club-like clusters of bright scarlet, berry-like fruit are very attractive. Jack is found commonly in rich, moist woods and thickets from Nova Scotia to Florida, and west to Ontario, Minnesota, Kansas, and Louisiana.—*Frederic William Stack, Wild Flowers Every Child should Know.*

JOAN OF ARC.

II.

(Continued from last number.)

We cannot dwell at length on the details of these wonderful days. Enough to say that few things in military history surpass the valor and skill with which she planned and executed the attacks on these English bastilles, or the ardor which the French troops, inspired by her, showed in these successive assaults.*

The English, inflamed by rage, cursed her and insulted her, but always fled before her. She wept to see their dead bodies, slain without confession. When Talbot threatened to have her burned, she cried: "Come out; and, if you can take me in single combat, you may burn me." She had to encounter the opposition of some of the French captains

and leaders also, who wished to act without her or against her advice, and left her out of their counsels. She sprang up suddenly at night, while sleeping with Charlotte, a daughter of the treasurer of the Duke of Orleans, and cried out: "My God, the blood of our people is running on the ground. It was ill done. Why was I not awakened? Quick,—my arms, my horse!" She galloped off at full speed, and found the French flying. They turned back when they saw her, attacked the bastille again, and carried it. Then she returned to the city, but for refreshment would take only a few slices of bread dipped in wine and water. This sometimes was all her nourishment during the whole day.

On Ascension Day, Jeanne had determined to pass the whole day in prayer. The French captains took advantage of her absence to have a little prudent wordly talk about their position. Schiller says, in "Don Carlos," that

"The wisdom of the world condemns
And scorns the inspiration born of Heaven."

They probably thought her inspiration was better to animate than to direct, to impel than to guide, better in the field than in the council. But their wisdom was folly by the side of her inspiration. She chose the means as wisely as she pursued the end zealously. She saw that they were concealing something from her, and said: "Tell me what you have determined. I can keep this secret and greater ones, also." It seems they had determined to wait for reinforcements before attacking the strongest forts of the English; but Jeanne said: "You have been at your counsel, I at mine. The counsel of my Lord will stand: yours will come to naught. Let all be ready early to-morrow for the attack. Much blood will flow, and I also shall be wounded." Yet this proud and firm nature was moved to tears by the cruel insults of the English. "The king of Heaven knows," said she, "that they speak falsely." Presently she added that she felt consoled, for she had news from her Master.

The next morning, though the French captains had determined not to yield to her, and refused to open the gates, she compelled them by her immense energy to do so, and hurled an impetuous assault upon the principal fort of the English. It was so strongly intrenched, by the river and a deep fosse, as to be almost impregnable, and was defended by the best English troops and captains. The Duke d'Alençon, having afterwards examined this bastille, said that he would have undertaken to defend it for seven days against

* Dunois testified: "Before she came to Orleans 800 or 1,000 of my soldiers could not resist 200 English. After she came, 400 or 500 of mine could conquer any number of English soldiers. I think she was sent by God, her skill in war was more divine than human. I saw it in many things,—in this among the rest. May 27, early, we attacked the Boulevard of the Bridge. Jeanne was wounded by an arrow, which entered half a foot, between her neck and shoulder. She went on fighting as before. The battle lasted all day. At eight in the evening I thought we ought to retreat. La Pucelle came to me and asked me to wait a little longer. She then went into a trellis of vines, alone; remained in prayer half an hour; returned, and, seizing her banner in her two hands, went in the ditch. As soon as they saw her the English trembled and were taken with a panic. Our soldiers, on the other hand, seemed inspired with new courage, and assailed the fort, meeting no resistance."

any force that could have been brought against it. But all of Jeanne's predictions were to be this day verified. She was wounded, having crossed the ditch and been the first to plant a ladder against the walls. They carried her from the walls and took off her armor. Pain and affright overcame her; she began to weep; but presently her Saints appeared to her, and her heroism returned.

She pulled the arrow out with her own hands, saying she had rather die than have the charms muttered over the wound which were commonly used by the soldiers. She prayed earnestly to God and was consoled. Meantime, wearied with the long and useless struggle, the French were everywhere retreating. Noon had long passed, and the English seemed to have won the day. But Jeanne begged the French leaders to return once more to the attack; and, seeing her standard near the walls, she rode toward it, crying, "If it touches the walls, we shall enter!" The moment the French saw her, they turned, and poured onward in an overflowing tide against the fort, and began to climb its walls. The English, having believed her killed, were terrified as at the sight of an apparition, and gave way. A shot struck down the bridge over which the English commander was passing into the fort, and he was drowned in the ditch. At the same moment the people of Orleans opened their gates, and attacked the fort in crowds from the other side. Instantly it was filled, taken, and its defenders driven out or slain. The bells of Orleans rang all night for joy, and the "Te Deum" was chanted in the churches.

The next morning, which was Sunday, saw the English in full retreat. Jeanne would not allow them to be pursued, but had an altar erected in full sight of their retreating troops. "For the love of St. Dimanche [Sunday] do not kill them to-day. Do not attack them the first," said she. "My Master does not wish us to fight to-day. Let them go,—that is enough."

The first part of the prediction being thus accomplished, she wished to fulfil the rest. "Now," said she, "noble Dauphin, let us march to Reims. I shall last only a year or a little longer: I must be well employed." The politicians smiled at what they thought a childish folly in her, thus to insist on the ceremony of coronation. But her folly was wisdom, for the great mass of the people, unable to decide questions of succession, thought they ought to accept as their king him who was the rightful heir, and who should be regularly crowned. Jeanne's assertion was like a voice from heaven, as to the

first point, in behalf of Charles. Let him be crowned at Reims, and the French nation would then accept him as their true and legitimate sovereign! Jeanne, a daughter of the people, understood this better than the courtiers; and, fortunately for Charles, she was able to overrule their selfish or timid counsels, and induce the king to undertake this perilous march of some two hundred miles through the thickest of his enemies.

By her courage and wisdom the town of Jargeau, twelve miles from Orleans, was taken by storm. Presently the famous Falstaff (or Falstaffe) arrived with large reinforcements for Talbot; but Jeanne continually encouraged and animated anew the doubting Frenchmen. "If these English were hanging to the clouds, we should get them," cried she. "Have you good horses?" she said to the captains. "What! must we fly?" "Oh, no! But you will need them to-day in pursuing the English. The gentle king will have the greatest victory he has ever won." Well did she fulfil the prophecy, for on that day Crécy and Agincourt were both avenged. Falstaffe fled: Talbot and others were taken prisoners, and two thousand English were slain.*

The maid wept at the sight of this bloodshed, and exerted herself to prevent the French from ill-treating their prisoners. One of them was struck on the head near her. She sprang from her horse, held his head in her arms, had a priest brought to him, comforted him, and encouraged him to meet death with a strong heart.—*Events and Epochs in Religious History.*

(To be continued.)

HUMILITY.

Fair, soft Humility, so seldom seen,
So oft despised upon this little earth,
Counted by men as dross of nothing worth,
Though in the sight of Mightiness supreme
'Tis hailed and welcomed as a glorious birth,
Offspring of greatness, beauty perfected,
And yet of such fragility, extreme,
That, if we call it ours, 'tis forfeited.

Named, it escapes us, thus we need beware,
When with the Publican we plead the prayer,
"A sinner, Lord, be merciful to me!"

Our hearts do not say softly, "I thank Thee,
O Lord, for this sweet grace, Humility,
Which I possess, unlike the Pharisee."

—*Littell's Living Age.*

* This was at Patay where, four months before, Falstaffe, with two thousand English, had defeated Dunois and four thousand French.

CONSCIENCE IN A DOG.

Bran, our big dog, showed himself conscience-stricken on one particular occasion. We were staying at Yarmouth, and Bran, who was allowed perfect liberty, was *lost* for one entire day! At night, just before the house was shut up, he made his appearance. Being met at the hall door, he was rebuked and his offered paw not taken.

His nightly resting-place was a cellar, where he had a comfortable straw couch provided for him, and his usual custom was to run downstairs immediately to his bed and supper; but on this evening he remained at the top of the stairs and cried and whined piteously. Presently my brother said, "You must come and make it up with Bran, or the poor fellow will cry there all night!" Accordingly we opened the door, and one by one shook Bran's paw in sign of forgiveness, whereupon he quietly walked downstairs, and, after eating his supper with avidity, curled himself up on the straw and went to sleep.—*Ellen Isabelle Tupper.*

ANIMAL SHELTERS.

Animal shelters are not a matter of sentiment, but of the health and the comfort of every community. It does not matter, in one sense of the word, whether you are fond of dogs and cats or not; it is, all the same, one of the duties devolving upon every large town and city to provide a shelter for dogs and cats where they will be humanely cared for, either by returning lost animals to owners, placing desirable animals in good homes, or putting to death by the most humane methods those that cannot be placed in good homes.—*Anna Harris Smith.*

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

The anecdote of the young girl in the Mothers' Council, reflects rather more upon parents than it does upon daughters. The lesson seems to be that children need a systematic training in regard to the rights of others. It does not come *naturally* to any one to set himself aside when by a little self-assertion he can obtain something that he wants. So many persons never learn this lesson during a whole lifetime that it is not fair to blame a young girl for not having taught it to herself.

I remember an incident illustrating this same point. Going to the post-office in a

small country town, I found the mail was not yet distributed. Several other persons were waiting, and I took my place at the end of the cue. Presently, a carriage stopped at the door, and a young man dashed in. Running up to the head of the cue, he called out to the postmistress, "Please give me my letters and Mrs. So-and-So's also," and I heard him call out to the lady in the carriage, "I've got them!" At that time the young man was a theological student. He now has for some years been a minister. I never hear his name without a slightly disagreeable feeling, and, somehow, I do not care to hear him preach when I have the opportunity,—

"Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent."

I remember, also, going once to procure a ticket for some lecture or concert. There was a long file of applicants, and, of course, I had to wait some time before my turn came. Behind me was a gentleman whose whole air declared him to be a minister (there was a convention in the city at that time). When my turn at last arrived, he called out, "You ought to attend to *me* first, for my time is worth more than a lady's." The man at the desk paid no attention to him, but he was an unfortunate instance of that form of self-assertion which some persons never lose during a whole lifetime.

A glaring illustration of the same spirit was witnessed by a friend of mine. She happened one day to be at the Boston Athenaeum, and saw an interesting book which she would have liked to take out; but it was on the shelf where the newest books are placed, and with a slip *gummed* on the inner cover, giving the date at which it would be allowable to take it home. She therefore looked it through and placed it back on the shelf. Another lady came in and took the same book in her hand, but without a second's hesitation, tore the slip out, carried it to the desk to be charged, and took it away with her.

She probably did not know that any one had noticed her, but the impression retained by the other lady was not a pleasant one.

L. F. C.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

(Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the

answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.)

I.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 84 letters.

My 55, 9, 26, 2, 75, is a pleasure vessel.

My 1, 53, 70, 84, 12, is a cereal grass and its grain.

My 42, 11, 76, 29, 45, 22, 58, is a small slender European hawk.

My 59, 6, 58, 18, 24, 39, 7, is one of a sect of early reformers in Germany.

My 5, 80, 61, 81, 14, is a measure.

My 13, 77, 28, 41, 21, 8, 30, 79, is a servant.

My 23, 40, 44, 16, 18, 33, 64, 47, is an American song-bird.

My 15, 31, 50, 19, 46, 1, is a part of a house.

My 10, 3, 34, 31, 69, is a coarse cotton drilling used for overalls.

My 66, 27, 17, 65, is a crossing place.

My 25, 63, 78, 83, 38, 52, is a watch tower.

My 56, 48, 4, 71, 74, 68, is a screen to prevent sparks of an open fire escaping to the floor.

My 73, 57, 51, 35, 54, 37, 60, 25, is the Canadian porcupine.

My 43, 49, 32, 20, 82, 28, is a Turkish saint.

My 36, 67, 62, 49, 17, is a synonym for the gross amount.

My 72 is a consonant.

My *whole* is a Servian proverb.

II

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In pot, but not in can.

In our, but not in they.

In pans, but not in tin.

In oar, but not in tent.

In cat, but not in dog.

In pea, but not in corn.

In this, but not in junior.

In Florida, but not in Ohio.

In pupil, but not in school.

In Edward, but not in John.

In October, but not in April.

In lake, but not in pond.

My *whole* is a mountain in Mexico.

III.

PECULIAR ARITHMETIC.

. To one-fifth of London add one-fifth of Acton, two-sixths of Boston, one-fourth of Ayer, one-fifth of Dover, one-sixth of Athol, one-fourth of York, and make a holiday in September.

IV.

FAMOUS PERSONS BORN IN SEPTEMBER.

1. —A—E—F—N—M—R—C—P—R.

2. S—M—E—J—H—S—N.

3. M—R—U—S —E —A—A—E—T—.

4. —O—N —A—S—A—L.

5. H—R—T—O —E—S—N.

V.

HALF SQUARE.

1. A Greek Poet.

2. A synonym for to leave out.

3. A synonym for mingle.

4. A Latin word.

5. A consonant.

Answers to puzzles in the July-August number.

I. A JULY STAR.—1 to 2, Gerry, 1 to 3, Grave, 3 to 2, Early. 5 to 2, Dewey. 3 to 4, Ended. 6 to 5, Valid. 6 to 2, Veery. 7 to 2, Silly. 7 to 3, Stone. 8 to 3, Grate, 8 to 4, Grand. 6 to 8, Vicksburg. 6 to 9, Vixen. 9 to A, Noise. 6 to A, Value. 7 to A, Shine. B to 7, Texas. 8 to B, Grant. B to C, Total. 8 to C, Gravel. A to B, Eliot. D to A, Paine. D to B, Point.

II. ABOUT THE PRESIDENTS.—1. Cleveland, level. 2. Grant, ran. 3. Washington, ash. 4. Lincoln, in. 5. Adams, dam. 6. Monroe, on. 7. Madison, is. 8. Buchanan, an. 9. Garfield, field. 10. McKinley, kin. 11. Jefferson, son. 12. Pierce, pie. 13. Arthur, art. 14. Taft, aft. 15. Jackson, Jack. 16. Fillmore, fill. 17. Hayes, yes.

III. METAMORPHOSES.—

1. Fiber, finer, miner, mines, pines, pipes, piper, paper.

2. Grate, prate, plate, slate, state, stare, store, stove.

3. Lead, head, heal, peal, peel, pell, pill, pile, pipe.

4. Lamp, lame, lane, lank, lack, lick, wick.

5. Crust, crest, cress, trees, treed, breed, bread.

6. Wolf, woof, wood, rood, road, read, bead, bear.

7. Serf, turf, turn, tern, teem, them, thee, tree, free.

8. Paper, paler, pales, palls, pills, sills, sells, seals, slats, slate.

9. North, forth, forts, torts, toots, tooth, sooth, south,

10. Cake, lake, like, pike, pipe, pips, pies.

IV. ZIGZAD.—

C A R P

B A R D

E A S T

B A S S

M O I L

L O O N

P A C T

L E A D

E M I T

A N N A = Cassiopeia

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2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

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